

## LIFE IS NOT LONG.

Dear heart, life is not long:  
Say thou thy word and sing thy sweetest song.  
Kiss the dim night shall close,  
Drink thou the light and pluck the love-  
-best rose.  
And dream not of the sorrow and the  
-wrong.  
Dear heart, life is not long!  
Dear heart, life is not long:  
And thick the thorns where all the roses  
-throng.  
Kiss the rose-day be past,  
Be thou a garden where shall bloom the  
-last.  
Pray thou thy prayer, still sing thy sweet-  
-est song.  
Dear heart, life is not long!  
—[F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.]

## The Anarchist Conspiracy.

In his office at New Scotland Yard sat Inspector Murphy, chief of the "specials," told off to keep watch over the anarchists. He was engaged in the perusal of a large official-looking document, when he was interrupted by the entrance of two of his principal subordinates, Detective-Sergeants Mulligan and Magee. They had come to inquire if he had any orders to give them before they left the "Yard" for the night.

"Ah, boys," said the inspector, looking up, "I was just going to send for you."  
"More work, sir?" said Mulligan.  
"Aye, and hot work, too," answered the inspector, with a significant shake of his head. "I have just received word from the French police that Lucien Miasme, Louis Roche and Jean Lerat, who disappeared from Paris some weeks ago, are reported to be in London."

"Miasme, Roche and Lerat," repeated Mulligan, thoughtfully. "They are the fellows who were tried for that Notre Dame affair, aren't they?"

"Yes, and who should have been hanged for it," replied the inspector. "I was in Paris at the time, and attended the trial. There was no doubt but they were guilty—they themselves hardly denied it—but the case was badly managed, and the jury was scared for their own skins, and the end of it was that three most villainous murderers were let loose on society again."

"It was a big business, that Notre Dame explosion," said Magee.

"Faith big enough for anything. The church was full of people—women and children chiefly—and scores of them were killed or injured. One family—the Comte de la Targe and his wife and two daughters—who were sitting just where the bomb exploded, were simply wiped out. I believe, at this moment, the only representative of the de la Targe family existing is the son, who at the time of the outrage, and now, too, for all I know, was serving with his regiment in Siam."

"If that son ever meets Miasme, Roche and Lerat there'll be trouble I expect," was Mulligan's comment.

"Yes, it was reported in the French papers that when he heard of the result of the trial he swore he would have the blood of his mother's murderers yet. I dare say, however, he soon cooled down. At any rate, he has made no move, and that's seven months ago. But to business. The French police tell me that Miasme, Roche and Lerat are said to be here for the purpose of committing outrages in revenge for our surrendering that ruffian Marquis. They say, too, that they are well supplied with money, though where it comes from is a mystery. If that's the case, the sooner we get on the track the better."

The inspector paused for a moment, and searched among the papers on his desk. Then he handed to the detectives several photographs.

"These," he said, "are portraits of the three ruffians taken when they were in prison in Paris. Look at them well, and see that you don't forget the rascals' faces."

The two detectives examined the photographs closely. An anxious and prolonged consultation followed. When it was ended midnight was far past.

The two detectives left the "Yard" and turned down the dark and silent Embankment. The difficulties and responsibility of the task that night committed to them lay heavy on their minds. Neither of the men spoke as they walked slowly along. Lost in anxious thought.

Suddenly Mulligan stopped and caught Magee tightly by the arm. At the same instant there was a brilliant flash of red light about two hundred yards in front of them. The next second a tremendous report almost deafened them.

For a moment the two detectives were too dumbfounded to think or act. Mulligan, however, quickly pulled himself together.

"The anarchists, by heaven!" he cried. "Come, Tom, we may catch the scoundrels yet." Without an instant's hesitation the two men rushed off at breakneck speed along the Embankment toward the spot where the explosion had taken place. As they neared it they slackened their pace and kept a sharp lookout so that nothing might escape them in the darkness. A second later they observed a dark mass lying huddled up on the pavement. They approached the object warily. It was the body of a man. A moment's examination showed them that he had been killed by the explosion. His right arm was blown simply to fragments and his right side was a bleeding mass of flesh and bones and clothes. He was quite dead.

Detective-Sergeant Mulligan struck a light and examined the dead man's face.

"The chief hero of the Notre Dame explosion has exploded himself; the Lord be praised!"

Subsequent investigation confirmed the detective's theory. They left no doubt that the man killed that night was the redoubtable anarchist, Louis Roche, and that he had perished by the premature explosion of the bomb he was carrying while on his way to commit some diabolical outrage. What the outrage intended was and how he became possessed of the bomb—which, from the fragments discov-

ered about the scene of the explosion experts pronounced to be of excellent workmanship—were not known for some time. At length, however, another communication was received from the French police, which threw light on both these points and on many others besides.

From the communication it appeared that among anarchists in Paris it was said that the outrage intended was nothing less than the blowing up of the houses of parliament, or, at any rate, of the Clock Tower. The bomb had been prepared by a person passing among the anarchists under the name—assumed, no doubt—of La Revanche. This person was reported to be a man of some wealth, and at the same time a skilled chemist, and he was devoting both his talent and his money to the cause of anarchism. He appeared to be known personally to a few of the brethren—indeed, for purposes of safety, he mixed little with them, living in rooms in the West End of London, where he prepared his bombs, and meeting professed anarchists only from time to time in order to plan outrages and provide them with the means of carrying them out. Miasme, Lerat and the late Roche were his special intimates and his chosen instruments for effecting his malignant purposes—in fact, he had created some jealousy in anarchist circles by refusing to place confidence in any others than those.

The communication concluded by stating that the misadventure by which Louis Roche had lost his life had not in the slightest degree discouraged La Revanche and his associates, and that another attempt at outrage might be expected at any moment. According to the rumors circulating among the militant anarchists in Paris this would probably take the form of an explosion at Woolwich arsenal, or at some of the government dockyards.

On receiving this communication Inspector Murphy had another consultation with his subordinates.

"This," said Magee, when the inspector had stated the effect of the French police's communication, "is a new development in an affair—the gentleman anarchist."

"Yes, and a very awkward one, too," replied Mulligan. "We know nothing about their haunts and their appearances—but we know nothing about this La Revanche, except that he is a gentleman and lives in the West End, and is probably a Frenchman. That's too vague to help us much. We can't shadow every French gentleman living in West London, and yet while he's free there will be no cessation of outrages. It's true he is said now to employ only Miasme and Lerat, but even if we catch them we will soon get other desperadoes to take their places. He carries the sinews of war, and as long as he has money and a bomb manufactory we shall have plenty of outrages."

"That's quite true," said Inspector Murphy. "The pressing question then is, how can we trap La Revanche?"

"I was thinking," said Mulligan, "that when we're fortunate enough to trace Miasme and Lerat, we should not arrest them—only shadow them. La Revanche must meet them some time or other, and when he does we could shadow him until we discover where his bomb factory is, then we might catch the lot."

"A sensible plan," answered the inspector. "But, no doubt, Miasme and Lerat meet others than La Revanche. How could you tell which was which?"

"Well, probably, they don't meet many gentlemen—French or otherwise," argued Mulligan, "so we should shadow all the well-dressed people they speak to or have dealings with. At any rate, that seems to me the only chance of catching La Revanche."

The inspector lay back in his chair and reflected. While he was doing so, a messenger entered the room and handed him a telegram. He tore the envelope and glanced at the message. Then he whistled.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "they are going it. Just listen!"

Portsmouth, 11:20 p. m. Explosion in harbor. No injury to person or property. No trace of perpetrator of outrage. Send officer to investigate.

"What do you think of that?"

"Looks like another bungle," said Mulligan, quietly.

"Faith it does," answered the inspector, "but it may put us on the track of the rascals. Mulligan, start you by the first train and make searching inquiries."

Mulligan did start by the first train and did make searching inquiries. These inquiries resulted in a pretty certain opinion that, as he said when the telegram was received, there had been another bungle. He discovered that at Southsea a foreigner on the night of the explosion had hired a small rowing boat and that that boat had not been returned. He discovered further that fragments of a rowing boat similar to the one hired had been picked up outside Portsmouth harbor. On showing to the owner of the missing boat the photographs of Miasme and Lerat, that person, after some hesitation, identified Miasme as the foreigner who hired the boat.

From these facts Mulligan drew the conclusion that Miasme had made an attempt to blow up the dockyard or the shipping in Portsmouth harbor, and had perished by the premature explosion of the bomb. And this conclusion was shortly afterwards confirmed by advices from the French police. These were to the effect that among Paris anarchists it was stated that the dockyard was the object of attack, and that since the attempt was made Miasme had been missing. It was added that much dissatisfaction existed regarding La Revanche and his skill as a bomb maker, but that, as he alone among London anarchists possessed funds he still contrived, in spite of his successive failures, to maintain his position.

"And long may he," was Inspector Murphy's comment on reading this communication. "He's doing more to suppress both anarchism and the anarchists than all the police in Europe put together. The best thing that could happen would be for him to go on blowing up his friends until they were all in fragments, and then for him to blow up himself."

Inspector Murphy had not very long to wait. Some three weeks after

this conversation he received word of an attempted outrage at Hampton Court. The inhabitants of the palace were awakened about midnight by a tremendous explosion. The guard turned out, and, after considerable trouble, discovered the dead body of a man in the gardens. Evidently he, like Roche and Miasme, had been "exploded" himself, as Inspector Murphy called it, when attempting to blow up Hampton Court. On the inspector examining the dead man, he had no difficulty in identifying him as the third of that terrible trio of desperadoes—Lerat. Every one of them had perished by the same means as they had used to murder the innocent congregation of Notre Dame.

The detectives were still engaged in investigating the circumstances connected with this explosion when Inspector Murphy received a mysterious note. It ran as follows: "All is discovered. Let La Revanche take care. He thinks he has escaped, having fled from London. But the arms of the brotherhood stretch far. Tell him—your agent-provocateur—that he is now in as great danger as he was in Belgrave road. The avengers of blood are after him. He shall perish."

Signed, Anarchist.  
"Hullo," cried Inspector Murphy, when he had read his note; "the third failure has been too much for them, and La Revanche is now to be blown up himself. More power to their elbow, I say."

"Belgrave road," said Mulligan; "that's where he hung out, apparently. Surely with such a straight tip as that we should be fools if we failed to lay hands on him."

"He has left it though," said Inspector Murphy. "I don't know whether we shouldn't let him and his friends settle matters between them. It's another case of treason!—tra-hi-son!—tra-hi-son!"

But the inspector was only joking, and half an hour later he and Mulligan were in Belgrave road searching for the lodgings of the missing M. La Revanche. They soon discovered them, too, though the name he had passed under with his landlady was not La Revanche, but Montagnard. The lady gave a very particular description of him, and stated that the cab which took him away and his luggage and what he had left behind demonstrated his identity with La Revanche. It consisted of several uncharged bombs, a large bottle of sulphuric acid, and the materials for compounding an explosive powder of great strength. Evidently he had left in a hurry.

To Mulligan was delegated the duty of tracing the missing man. The task was no easy one, and for more than a month his reports were not altogether satisfactory. He had traced La Revanche to Paris, but there for a long time he completely lost sight of him.

One morning, just after Inspector Murphy had reached his office at the "Yard," the door opened and in walked Detective-Sergeant Mulligan. Though entirely unexpected, he was received by his inspector without the slightest indication of surprise.

"Well, what's up now?" Murphy asked in his quietest manner.

"Oh, I've finished the job, sir," replied Mulligan.

"Found La Revanche?" asked Murphy.

Mulligan nodded his head.

"Had him arrested?" asked Murphy.

Mulligan shook his head.

"Failed to establish his identity?" asked Murphy, in a tone of disappointment.

"No, I had some trouble over that," replied Mulligan; "but in the end he admitted it himself."

"Admitted it himself?" cried the inspector. "And why did the French government refuse to arrest him?"

"Because he's the young Comte de la Targe whose father, mother and two sisters were murdered by Roche & Co. at the Notre Dame explosion. The inspector looked steadily at his subordinate for a moment; then he whistled to relieve his feelings.

"What are they going to do with him?" he then asked.

"Decorate him and send him back to his regiment in Siam," was this answer.—[London Truth.]

## Norman Gauntlets.

Under the Norman Kings gloves, or, more strictly speaking, gauntlets, for they were made to cover the arm as well as the hand, were often richly embroidered and the backs set with precious stones. No doubt the Norman ladies, whose skill in needlework is shown by many an old fragment of tapestry still preserved, shut up as they were in the gloomy recesses of their strong castles, would find a pleasant change of occupation in ornamenting their lords' gloves with curious tracery and quaint devices in gold and silver thread.

The glove she was embroidering, with its suggestions of merry hawking parties by the reedy mere, of friendly contests in the tilting yard, would seem to the noble dame the token of peaceful recreation when the iron gauntlet with its heavy links and chains could be safely laid aside.

As a proof that gloves at this period formed a distinctive part of the dress of persons of high rank, tradition tells us that Richard Coeur de Lion, on his way home from Palestine through Austria, was recognized by the servants of his enemy, Duke Leopold, by the pair of jeweled gauntlets which he wore in his belt, these latter ill according with the disguise he had assumed of a traveling merchant, home-returning pilgrim.—[Good Words.]

## The Ambulance Bicycle.

Among the new inventions of today may be mentioned the ambulance bicycle which is designed for use in emergency cases. An aluminum frame is fitted to a wheel, and so arranged that the rider sits in the middle of it. When the patient is to be placed on it, there is an arrangement that transforms it into a comfortable and convenient stretcher, upon which a full grown person may rest with ease.—[New York Ledger.]

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